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Chaise a neatly arranged church yard, with an occasional interesting monument, and a considerable quantity of the gloom-inspiring willow. But this picture is soon dissipated on beholding it, and involuntarily he exclaims, "How beautiful," forgetting blue-devils, church-yards and Westminster. He had never seen any thing resembling it, and though tombs were lying at either side, whichever path he turned, he felt as if passing through some delightful garden, rather than a cemetery. The diversity of the walks, and the taste displayed in the arrangement of the little garden that lies round each tomb, are particularly remarkable. The rose, jessamine, lilac and forget-me-not, are scattered in profusion, imparting a delicious fragrance to the atmosphere, and so much do the French respect these tributes of affection, that they bloom unmolested. Such cannot be said of the English, who wantonly pluck these pretty ornaments, and were it not for the guards, it is feared that not a single flower would escape destruction. The relations of the deceased, testify their affection by suspending garlands on the monuments each year, which tends to increase the interest of the scene. The tomb of Abelard and Eloise is continually strewn with garlands by some faithful or unhappy lovers; a description of it would be superfluous, it is already so well known. We imagine that Pere la Chaise is generally preferred to Westminster, in consequence of its scenery and variety. In the latter, all is dedicated to fame, on every stone stands some name with which you are familiar. They have either wielded the pen or sword with éclat, or have flourished in the cabinet, but yet though you feel yourself in the society of the great, it smells too much of the grave, and reminds you too forcibly of your own mortality. The monuments erected to Napoleon's generals excite considerable interest, and in regarding them, it is impossible not to be affected in recollecting their exploits, and the fate of their great and unfortunate leader. It is somewhat remarkable, that after witnessing these splendid models of art, the temples of white marble, and the towering monuments, none perhaps attracts such deep attention and enquiry as a simple grave that bears no stone, it is surrounded by a black iron railing, and a solitary willow and numerous garlands, are all that are seen enclosed. Around it may be always perceived a few gazing on it steadfastly, a whisper is the usual tone of communication, which is followed by a sigh or a muttered imprecation against his "murderers"—Poor Ney—they deplore your fate, your crime, they say, was inadequate to its punishment, and let the existing dynasty answer for it. But history will award you the well-earned laurel, and though your death has been ignominious, your remains will be respected. No flower grows over his grave, while his fellow soldiers exclaim with the mourner over the body of Pompey, "He who deserved a monument could scarcely find a tomb," for the government at first refused to allow him burial ground in this cemetery, but by the solicitations of his sons, they were induced to alter this determination. In England, Sheridan dead, although he had been deserted by all his friends when dying, was pompously attended to Westminster even by the nobility, who bore his coffin to testify their respect to that genius whom they neglected in adversity: "And they who loathed his life, would gild his grave," which occa-

sioned the observation, that a man should live in France and die in England.

But if we could choose our grave, we certainly would give the preference to Pere la Chaise, where our spirits could find some pleasure. When night would draw her sable veil over the drowsy world, how delicious would it be to wander through such scenes, and retaste departed pleasures. The perfume of the rose and the violet, would lull us into a dream of life, and the simple and recent garlands would inform us that we had not been forgotten. The reckless sexton would not hurt our pride, by placing another over us, nor would we feel "the influence malign" of that insatiable and venal goul the resurrection-man.

M.

## BOTANY.

*Rare production.*—In the gardens at Woodhall, Lanarkshire, belonging to Walter F. Campbell, Esq. of Islay, M.P. there is now in flower a plant of the *Doryanthes excelsa*, one of the natural order *Amaryllidæ*.

This plant, which was first introduced from New South Wales into England in 1801, has seldom flowered in Britain, or perhaps in Europe, and the present, it is presumed, is by far the most magnificent specimen ever seen in this country. It is twenty-three feet six inches in height—the flower stem eight and a half inches in circumference, the umbel of flowers, at top, two feet three inches in diameter; formed of nine horizontal stems; besides a number more coming forward, and each of their stems shewing eight or ten flowers.

There are also at present many splendid Camellias in full flower and great beauty, in the Camellia house at Woodhall; where the collection, it is believed, is unequalled in Scotland.

M<sup>c</sup>.

## THE DRAMA.

On Tuesday evening, a new tragedy, from the pen of the late Mr. Maturin, entitled, "*Osmyn, the Renegade*, or the Siege of Salerno," was presented for the first time at our Theatre, and met with decided and deserved success. We are told that this piece was in rehearsal at Covent Garden Theatre, before the decease of the lamented author; but owing to some circumstances with which we are not acquainted, was never produced; this is the more surprising, as we believe we but echo the general opinion, in considering it fully equal, if not superior, to Mr. Maturin's other dramatic productions; and it is likewise to be regretted, as the success of this last effort of his genius might have solaced the declining days of that highly gifted and extraordinary man. To Mr. Macready, we learn, is to be attributed the credit of bringing forward the piece in the present instance; and we rejoice that it has fallen into the hands of one so capable of doing justice to its merit. We know he was most active in preparing it for representation; and the anxiety he felt for its success, was exhibited by his exertions in every scene in which he appeared. It is but justice to the other performers also to state, that they effected all that was possible in their respective parts; and the scenery, (some of which is new,) and stage business, were managed with an attention, which we should wish to see imitated in future. The plot of the tragedy is remarkable for that depth of conception, which

characterizes every effusion of its author; and the language is beautifully poetic, teeming with imagery as exalted as it is original. On the demerits of the production we are prevented from entering by the charitable aphorism, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*; but they are of that trivial description, which, when placed in comparison with its perfections, sink into insignificance.

## MUSIC.

The Messrs. Hermann gave a morning concert on Monday last, which we are happy to say, was very fashionably attended; as the music selected for this occasion, consisted of pieces which were performed at previous concerts, and on the merits of which we have already commented, we have only to say, that in this instance, they received if possible additional effect, from the very able manner in which they were performed, and elicited general and well-deserved applause.

## PRIVATE PIANO FORTE CONCERT.

*Logierian Academy of Music, Rutland-square.*

On Monday last, the pupils of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Allen, at the above institution, presented their parents and friends with a rich treat, and fully sustained the high reputation of their instructors, acquitting themselves to the admiration of a crowded and fashionable assemblage, numbers of whom, after the concert room was quite filled, were glad to occupy the stairs for two flights above and below that spacious apartment. The concert commenced with exercises in ThorOUGH Bass, in which the pupils exhibited an extensive acquaintance with the laws of harmony, by arranging several melodies in score, and afterwards playing them at sight, from the lecture board, with excellent effect. The elementary lessons were admirably executed, though in several instances performed by mere infants. More elaborate pieces were selected from the best composers, and were extremely well performed. The simultaneous performance on so many Piano Fortes, had a curious and very striking effect. Among the pieces selected, we observed the minuet and rondo from a symphony of Haydn's, Handel's Occasional Overture, Winter's Overture to Zaira, Rossini's to Zelmira and Otelio, Mozart's to La Clemenza di Tito, and Weber's splendid one to Der Freischütz. There was also a Grand Trio for three Piano Fortes, by Ries, of great beauty.

These were played with considerable expression, and a freedom from that harsh and mechanical touch, which, we know not why, we have almost always observed in the performance of those who have used the Chiroplast for any length of time. One of the most interesting parts of the exhibition, was the performance of Miss Tomasine Allen, who bids fair to be one day a musician of much merit. She gave a brilliant air and variations of Chau-lieu, with an energy and a *plomb*, that would have done credit to a finished performer, and the fidelity and execution of some of the left hand passages, were really surprising, produced as they were, by the tiny fingers of a child of eight years old.

## OBITUARY.

We have this week to record the death of Mr. George Jones, M.A. of the University of Dublin. He was a very distinguished

Hebrew and Biblical scholar, the author of a Hebrew Grammar, written at the express desire of the heads of the University for the use of the students, and of a book of Hebrew selections, initiatory to the study of that language; both these publications are deservedly in high repute as school books. Mr. Jones was an accomplished general scholar, and upon all subjects relating to Sacred History and Divinity he was profoundly skilled. To his learning were added great piety and moral worth, and a modesty which prevented him from making any vain display of his erudition: to be useful was his aim, and those who have had the advantage of his instructions, will readily acknowledge their deep and lasting obligations to him. He was connected with the Feinaglian Institution in this city, as lecturer in Hebrew and Divinity, for nearly seventeen years. It is gratifying to record of one whose talents and attainments were of so high an order, that he was in heart and soul an unwearied and humble follower of Christ, and an earnest teacher of the great truths of Christianity; to this end he rightly considered all his powers bestowed.

We may add, that Mr. Jones was one of those deserving few, whom the thirst of knowledge enables to overcome difficulties, which to others, less laborious, seem insurmountable; for he was originally intended for a mechanical trade, and it was only by unceasing diligence, that he attained the learning which gained him the respect of all who knew him.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## SONNET.

## TO MOOËE, ON LALLA ROOKH.

Delightful poet of my native land,  
Heart-searching Moore! pouring thy various song,  
Such as of old on Persia's conquer'd strand  
Inspired Timotheus sang. Now deep and strong  
A prophet bard, with freedom on thy tongue;  
Now bending o'er love's lyre with trembling hand—  
Now laughing with Anacreon along,  
Through vine bowers, by sports and graces fanned.  
But here, here mingle all the passionate beams  
That ever dawned above young lover's dreams,  
Or patriot's eagle gaze—all center here:  
Thou, with a master-hand, hast touched the spring  
Of rapture and of pity—and this tear  
Is truer praise than flattering lips can bring.

A. de V.—1817

## SONETTO.

Son queste amor, le vaghe trecce bionde  
Tra fresche rose e puro latte sparte,  
Ch' i' prender bruno, e far vendetto in parte  
Delle piaghe, ch' i' porto aspre e profonde?  
E questo quel bel ciglio, in cui s'asconde  
Chi le mie voglie, com'ei vuol comparte?  
Son questi gli occhi, onde i' tuo stral si parte?  
Nè con tal forza uscir potrebbe altronde.  
Deh chi i' bel volto in breve carta ha chiuso  
Cui lo mio stil ritrarre indarno prova:  
Ne in ciò me sol, ma l'arte insieme accuso.  
Stiamo a veder la meraviglia nova,  
Che 'n Adria il mar produce, e l'antico uso  
Di partorir celesti dee rinnova.

DELLA CASA.

## TRANSLATION.

Are these, O Love! the charming tresses, fair,  
Sporting mid roses fresh, and purest white,  
Which for the heart-wounds cruel, deep, I bear;  
I long to plunder in revengeful spite.  
Are these the eyebrows where th' enchantress hides,  
Whose spells my soul, and prostrate will enchain?  
Are these the eyes whence Love! thine arrow glides,  
Fraught with the magic force those eyes contain?  
Ah! whose skill'd pencil with such life endues  
Those pictured charms my rhymes to trace make bold;  
But fail my pow'rs—or fails thine art, O muse!  
Do we some novel miracle behold?  
Adria's sea its wonders past renews,  
And bears celestials as 'twas wont of old!

H. Y.

## FAIR EYES,

## OR THE PILGRIM AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

(A SIMILE.)

There was a time when did that soft blue eye,  
Each finer feeling of my soul excite  
To admiration, for it seem'd the light  
Of heaven was there infused from the sky;  
And lent a holy brightness to each glance,  
With power to bless—or to destroy, perchance.

I loved you then, nor deem'd that on my head  
The fatal lightning of that glance should fall;  
Ah! happy then! in woman's looks unread,  
The cup of sweetness yet unmixed with gall!  
Now dear experience teaches me to know  
The perfect cunning of each artful look,  
To trace the demon ever hid below  
The heavenly aspect of that placid brook,  
Whence oft I've tasted draughts of deepest joy,  
And deem'd them pure—unmingled with alloy.

Thine eyes are like the current of a bright  
And graceful stream, not pure, but seeming pure;  
Fair-wandering, and refreshing to the sight  
Of panting travellers whom its waves allure.  
Sweetly it seems its smiling course to hold,  
In gentle glidings o'er the peaceful vale,  
Touching in kindness, not abrupt or bold—  
The flowery banks that joy to bid it hail!

Suspicion bows his head, nor dares to think  
The waters of that icy stream contain  
One drop unblest, that, should the pilgrim drink,  
Can turn his once delicious draught to pain.  
He drinks, alas!—and ah, too late detects  
The bubbling demon at the fountain's head:  
There sits he grimly smiling, and directs  
The streamlet's course, too faithfully obeyed;  
Slow-working poison mingles from his hands,  
Pollutes the stream, and stains the yellow sands!

If, too, at eve the exhausted Pilgrim stays,  
And slowly lifts his weary eyes along  
The margin where that fairy current strays,  
And seeks those flowers so blooming and so young—  
Those blossoms that like early hopes looked gay—  
Whither, ah! whither did they fade away?  
Yes, they are faded, ne'er to bloom again;  
So wither hopes, nor with so little pain.

'Tis not the chill of evening that has so  
Descended on these blossoms, and destroyed  
Their noontide freshness sadly at a blow,  
And killed the promise of this morning's pride;  
The dew of night had fostered them, and given  
Fresh strength and vigour for to-morrow's fire;  
So earthly hopes receive support from heaven,  
When virtuous thoughts the mortal breast inspire.

The demon's work is this, whose feeble heart  
Requires new food for her diurnal joy;  
Fresh flow'rs, as fair, to-morrow will impart,  
As sweet in fragrance, and in hopes as high.  
But to decline, as these have lately done,  
So crop on crop its short bright course must run,  
Till cold satiety shall wake that spirit's dream,  
And time disturb the clearness of the stream.

Ah! may no secret, unsuspected fiend  
Ere then disturb its smooth and placid course;  
For there's an airy figure I have ween'd—  
(How much unlike the demon at the source!)  
That flits across my wandering fancy still,  
Whom it were heavenly to shield from ill!

Her influence gives whate'er there is of joy,  
Whate'er of beauty to those glassy waves;  
Can she be conscious that those waves destroy?  
A devil tortures, but an angel saves.  
Oh! were she mortal, and the sister whom  
I loved, but with a brother's pure regard,  
'Twere sweet to cherish still that rose's bloom,  
And fatal cankers from its heart discard!

This airy form still to the Pilgrim's eye  
Seemed in the twilight tempting him to stay;  
But fate forbids, wide fields before him lie,  
Sadly he turns upon his lonely way;  
And when that stream had faded from his sight,  
Thus he resigned him to the shades of night.

Now Philomela, tender bird of eve,  
Let me be sad, and listen to thy song;  
With thee in resignation let me grieve.  
For one unlike thee, as I stroll along.  
And as thy story pours upon my ear  
Its accents of sincerity and woe,  
Teach me with thee to make the night less drear,  
And soothe my heart with music while I go.  
Thy mate will come ere long to thee, and join  
His notes of touching melody to thine;\*  
I wander still a solitary bard,  
No friend to cheer, or make my lot less hard.

ROSENKRANZ.

\* Let naturalists rail as they will, it is the privilege  
of poets, from Virgil downwards, to make the swan a  
singing bird, and the female nightingale as well.—  
Pictoribus atque poetis quilibet audenti, &c.—Ed.

## LITERARY NOVELTIES, &amp;c.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Among the new works promised, and in preparation, are the following—A Complete History of the Jews, in Ancient and Modern Times, by the Rev. George Croly. The sixth volume of Curtis's British Entomology; being Illustrations, &c. of the Genera of Insects found in Great Britain and Ireland—Conversations for the Young, in illustration of the Nature of Religion, by the Rev. Richard Watson. A Life of the great Gustavus of Sweden, by Captain Sherer. Three Courses and a Dessert, by George Cruikshank, with fifty engravings from original drawings—Panorama of the Maine, from Mayence to Frankfort, drawn from nature, by F. W. Delkeskamp, with a Description of the Places on each bank of the River, &c.—Panoramic View of the most Remarkable Objects in Switzerland, taken from Mount Righe, by Henry Keller: to which is attached, a Circular View of the Country, &c. by General Pflyfer; with descriptive letter-press. A work on the State of France by M. de Chateaubriand, is expected to appear very shortly.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Bowrienne's Memoirs of Napoleon, Vols. I. and II. 8vo. £1. 8s. boards—Robinson's Last Days of Bishop Heber, 8vo. 8s. boards—Vade Mecum of Morbid Anatomy, royal 8vo. £1. 5s. boards—Robertson's Universal Penman, 8vo. 5s. boards—Hay's Memoirs of the Rev. A. Waugh, 8vo. 14s. boards—Ware on Extemporaneous Preaching, 18mo. 3s. boards—Practical Theology, by the Bishop of Limerick, 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 4s. boards—Petersdorf's Reports, Vol. XIII. royal 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d. boards—Lancaster on Confirmation, 12mo. 5s. boards—Thompson's Pastoralia, 12mo. 9s. boards—Brasce Franchini of Sophocles, with English Notes, royal 18mo. 5s. boards—Hymers' on Analytical Geometry, 8vo. 9s. boards.

## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The publishers of "The Dublin Literary Gazette" take the liberty of reminding their subscribers, that the first quarter of that Journal was completed on Saturday last, and beg to request that those who wish to continue their subscriptions, will signify their intention at the office, No. 10, D'Oller-street, at an early day.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature, the Arts, Education, &amp;c.

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